



IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the woe and heartache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load,
Would we waste the day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be;
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea !

If we knew the baby's fingers
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never troubles us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow;
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now !

Ah, those little, ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track !
How these little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by-and-by !

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air !

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory,
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.

—Goodson Gazette.

THE GHOSTLY RENTAL.

(From Scribner's Monthly.)

I.

I WAS in my twenty-second year, and I had just left college. I was at liberty to choose my career, and I chose it with much promptness. I afterward renounced it, in truth, with equal ardor, but I have never regretted those two youthful years of perplexed and excited, but also of agreeable and fruitful experiment. I had a taste for theology, and during my college term I had been an admiring reader of Dr. Channing. This was theology of a grateful

and succulent savor; it seemed to offer one the rose of faith delightfully stripped of its thorns. And then (for I rather think this had something to do with it,) I had taken a fancy to the old Divinity School. I have always had an eye to the black scene in the human drama, and it seemed to me that I might play my part with a fair chance of applause (from myself at least,) in that detached and tranquil home of mild casuistry, with its respectable avenue on one side, and its prospect of green fields and contact with acres of woodland on the other. Cambridge, for the lovers of woods and fields, has changed for the worse since those days, and the precinct in question has forfeited much of its mingled pastoral and scholastic quietude. It was then a College-hall in the woods—a charming mixture. What it is now has nothing to do with my story; and I have no doubt that there are still doctrine-haunted young seniors who, as they stroll near it in the summer dusk, promise themselves, later, to taste of its fine leisurely quality. For myself, I was not disappointed. I established myself in a great square, low-browed room, with deep window-benches; I hung prints from Overbeck and Ary Scheffer on the walls; I arranged my books, with great refinement of classification, in the alcoves beside the high chimney-shelf, and I began to read Plotinus and St. Augustine. Among my companions were two or three men of ability and of good fellowship, with whom I occasionally brewed a fireside bowl; and with adventurous reading, deep discourse, potations conscientiously shallow, and long country walks, my initiation into the clerical mystery progressed agreeably enough.

With one of my comrades I formed an especial friendship, and we passed a great deal of time together. Unfortunately he had a chronic weakness of one of his knees, which compelled him to lead a very sedentary life, and as I was a methodical pedestrian, this made some difference in our habits. I used to stretch away for my daily ramble, with no companion but the stick in my hand or the book in my pocket. But in the use of my legs and the sense of unstinted open air, I have always found company enough. I should, perhaps, add that in the enjoyment of a very sharp pair of eyes, I found something of a social pleasure. My eyes and I were on excellent terms; they were indefatigable observers of all wayside incidents, and so long as they were amused I was contented. It is, indeed, owing to their inquisitive habits that I came into possession of this remarkable story. Much of the country about the old College town is pretty now, but it was prettier thirty years ago. That multitudinous eruption of domiciliary pasteboard which now graces the landscape, in the direction of the low, blue Waltham Hills, had not yet taken place; there were no genteel cottages to put the shabby meadows and scrubby orchards to shame—a juxtaposition by which, in later years, neither element of the contrast has gained. Certain crooked cross-roads, then, as I remember them, were more deeply and naturally rural, and the solitary dwellings on the long grassy slopes beside them, under the tall, customary elm that curved its foliage in mid-air like the outward dropping ears of a girdled wheat-sheaf, sat with their shingled hoods well pulled down on their

ears, and pre-science whatever of the fashion of French roofs—weather-wrinkled old peasant woman, as you might call them, quietly wearing the native coif, and never dreaming of mounting bonnets, and indecently exposing their venerable brows. That winter was what is called an “open” one; there was much cold, but little snow; the roads were firm and free, and I was rarely compelled by the weather to forego my exercise. One gray December afternoon I had sought it in the direction of the adjacent town of Medford, and I was retracing my steps at an even pace, and watching the pale, cold tints—the transparent amber and faded rose-color—which curtained, in wintry fashion, the western sky, and reminded me of a sceptical smile on the lips of a beautiful woman. I came as dusk was falling, to a narrow road which I had never traversed and which I imagined offered me a short cut homeward. I was about three miles away; I was late, and would have been thankful to make them two. I diverged, walked some ten minutes, and then perceived that the road had a very unfrequented air. The wheel-ruts looked old; the stillness seemed peculiarly sensible. And yet down the road stood a house, so that it must in some degree been a thoroughfare. On one side was a high natural embankment, on the top of which was perched an apple orchard, whose tangled boughs made a stretch of coarse black lace-work, hung across the cordly rosy west. In a short time I came to the house, and I immediately found myself interested in it. I stopped in front of it gazing hard, I hardly knew why, but with a vague mixture of curiosity and timidity. It was a house like most of the houses thereabouts, except that it was decidedly a handsome specimen of its class. It stood on a grassy slope, it had its tall, impartially drooping elm beside it, and its old black well-cover on its shoulder. But it was of very large proportions, and it had a striking look of solidity and stoutness of timber. It had lived to a good old age, too, for the wood-way and under its eaves, carefully and abundantly carved, referred it to the middle, at the latest, of the last century. All this had once been painted white, but the broad back of time, leaning against the door-posts for a hundred years, had laid bare the grain of the wood. Behind the house stretched an orchard of apple-trees, more gnarled and fantastic than usual, and wearing in the deepening dusk, a blighted and exhausted aspect. All the windows of the house had rusty shutters, without slats, and these were closely drawn. There was no sign of life about it; it looked blank, bare and vacant, and yet as I lingered near it, it seemed to have a familiar meaning—an audible eloquence. I have always thought of the impression made upon me at first sight, by that gray colonial dwelling, as a proof that induction may sometimes be near akin to divination; for after all, there was nothing on the face of the matter to warrant the very serious induction that I make. I fell back and crossed the road. The last red light of the sunset disengaged itself, as it was about to vanish, and rested faintly for a moment on the time-silvered front of the old house. It touched, with perfect regularity, the series of small panes in the fan-shaped window above the door, and twinkled there fantastically. Then it died away, and left the place more intensely somber. At this moment, I said to myself with the accent of profound conviction—“The house is simply haunted!”

Somehow, immediately, I believed it, and so long as I was not shut up inside, the idea gave me pleasure. It was implied in the aspect of the house, and it explained it. Half an hour before, if I had been asked, I would have said, as befitted a young man who was explicitly cultivating cheerful views of the supernatural, that there were no such things as haunted houses. But the dwelling before me gave a vivid meaning to the empty words; it had been spiritually blighted.

The longer I looked at it, the intenser seemed the secret that it held. I walked all around it, I tried to peep here and there, through a crevice in the shutters, and I took a puerile satisfaction in laying my hand on the door-knob and gently turning it. If the door had yielded, would I have gone in?—would I have penetrated the dusky stillness? My audacity, fortunately, was not put to the test. The portal was admirably solid, and I was unable even to shake it. At last I turned away, casting many looks behind me. I pursued my way, and, after a longer walk than I had bargained for, reached the high-road. At a certain distance below the point at which the long lane I have mentioned entered it, stood a comfortable, tidy dwelling, which might have offered itself as the model of the house which is in no sense haunted—which has no sinister secrets, and knows nothing but blooming prosperity. Its clean white paint stared placidly through the dusk, and its vine-covered porch had been dressed in straw for the winter. An old, one-horse chaise, freighted with two departing visitors, was leaving the door, and through the undraped windows, I saw the lamp-lit sitting-room, and the table spread with early “tea,” which had been improvised for the comfort of the guests. The mistress of the house had come to the gate with her friends; she lingered there after the chaise had wheeled creakingly away, half to watch them down the road, and half to give me, as I passed in the twilight, a questioning look. She was a comely, quick young woman, with a sharp, dark eye, and I ventured to stop and speak to her.

“That house down that side-road,” I said, “about a mile from here—the only one—can you tell me whom it belongs to?”

She stared at me a moment, and, I thought, colored a little.

“Our folks never go down that road,” she said, briefly.

“But it’s a short way to Medford,” I answered.

She gave a little toss of her head. “Perhaps it would turn out a long way. At any rate, we don’t use it.”

This was interesting. A thrifty Yankee household must have good reasons for this scorn of time-saving processes. “But you know the house, at least?”

“Well, I have seen it.”

“And to whom does it belong?”

She gave a little laugh and looked away, as if she were aware that, to a stranger, her words might seem to savor of agricultural superstition, “I guess it belongs to them that are in it.”

“But is there any one in it? It is completely closed.”

“That makes no difference. They never come out and no one ever goes in.” And she turned away.

But I laid my hand on her arm, respectfully. “You mean,” I said, “that the house is haunted?”

She drew herself away, colored, raised her finger to her lips, and hurried into the house, where, in a moment, the curtains were dropped over the windows.

For several days, I thought repeatedly of this little adventure, but I took some satisfaction in keeping it to myself. If the house was not haunted, it was useless to expose my imaginative whims, and if it was, it was agreeable to drain the cup of horror without assistance. I determined, of course, to pass that way again; and a week later—it was the last day of the year—I retraced my steps. I approached the house from the opposite direction, and found myself before it at about the same hour as before. The light was failing, the sky low and gray; the wind wailed along the hard, bare ground, and made slow eddies of the frost-blackened leaves. The melancholy mansion stood there, seeming to gather the winter twilight around it, and mask itself in it, inscrutably. I hardly knew on what errand I had come, but I had a vague feeling that if this time the door-knob were to turn and the door to open, I should take my heart in my hands, and let them close behind me! Who were the

mysterious tenants so whom the good woman at the corner had alluded? What had been seen or heard—what was related? The door was as stubborn as before, and my impertinent fumbings with the latch caused no upper window to be thrown open, nor any strange, pale face to be thrust out. I ventured even to raise the rusty knocker and give it half-a-dozen raps, but they made a flat, dead sound, and aroused no echo. Familiarity breeds contempt; I don't know what I should have done next, if, in the distance, up the road (the same one I had followed,) I had not seen a solitary figure advancing. I was unwilling to be observed hanging about this ill-famed dwelling, and I sought refuge among the dense shadows of a grove of pines near by, where I might peep forth, and yet remain invisible. Presently the new-comer drew near, and I perceived that he was making straight for the house. He was a little, old man, the most striking feature of whose appearance was a voluminous cloak, of sort of a military cut. He carried a walking-stick, and advanced in a slow, painful, somewhat hobbling fashion, but with an air of extreme resolution. He turned off from the road, and followed the vague wheel-track, and within a few yards of the house he paused. He looked up at it fixedly and searchingly, as if he were counting the windows, or noting certain familiar marks. Then he took off his hat, and bent over slowly and solemnly, as if he were performing an obeisance. As he stood uncovered, I had a good look at him. He was, as I have said, a diminutive old man, but it would have been hard to decide whether he belonged to this world or to the other. His head reminded me, vaguely, of the portraits of Andrew Jackson. He had a crop of grizzled hair, as stiff as a brush, a lean, pale, smooth-shaven face, and an eye of intense brilliancy, surmounted with thick brows, which had remained perfectly black. His face, as well as his cloak, seemed to belong to an old soldier; he looked like a retired military man of modest rank; but he struck me as exceeding the classic privilege of even such a personage to be eccentric and grotesque. When he had finished his salute, he advanced to the door, fumbled in the folds of his cloak, which hung down much further in front than behind, and produced a key. This he slowly and carefully inserted into the lock, and then, apparently, he turned it. But the door did not immediately open; first he bent his head, turned his ear, and stood listening, and then he looked up and down the road. Satisfied or re-assured, he applied his aged shoulder to one of the deep-set panels, and pressed a moment. The door yielded—opening in perfect darkness. He stopped again on the threshold, and again removed his hat and made his bow. Then he went in, and carefully closed the door behind him.

PARISIAN BEGGARS' RULES.

WIRT SIKES in *Appletons' Journal* for September: The slang of "betandier" as a name for a beggar (*mendiant*) seems to be purely arbitrary—as entirely so as the English "cheese it" for "be silent." The "betandier" is a beggar who follows the business as his regular occupation. There can be no question that ninety-nine out of every hundred beggars in Paris are such because they find their business a profitable one. A creature in that grade of *blousard* life where a choice of occupation lies between such employments as rag-picking, street-sweeping, petty thieving and the like, has no pride to govern his course, and he turns to beggary as a business quite as willingly as any other, if he can see his way to success in it. There is a necessity of talent involved in the occupation of a beggar, however. A stupid person setting up as beggar will not be likely to earn enough to eat. But if one has some histrionic ability it can be turned to good purpose in this business. A talent for getting oneself up picturesquely is of immense value. Men-

tal qualities of a high order bring their own exceptional rewards in this field as in others. An old beggar whose post was, and for aught I know still is, at the entrance of the Passage Vero Dodat, was reputed to be a man of wealth. He was certainly a man of talent. In a moment of communicativeness this old *battandier* gave his "code," as he called it, which is worth printing. It is as follows:

Never ask alms from—

1. A man who is coming from dinner; roast beef renders one selfish.
2. A gentleman who is following a lady.
3. Men who are too fat; it annoys them to stop.
4. A lady who is alone and unobserved.
5. Gentlemen who are putting on their gloves.

But ask always from—

1. A man who is going to dinner; he sympathizes with the empty stomach.
2. A lady who knows she is being followed.
3. People who are walking two by two; their *amour propre* makes them give.
4. Officers in full dress uniform.
5. Office-seekers going into cabinet ministers' bureaux; they give, in hope that it will bring them luck.

A hideous looking beggar was arrested recently in the Rue des Boulets, a sinister street in the Faubourg St. Antoine, between whom and the police commissary the following conversation ensued:

"Your name?"

"Ponton Jacques—nicknamed Eyes for Everything."

"Your profession?"

"Witness."

"Witness! What do you mean by witness?"

"As I have eyes for everything, I know everything that occurs in the neighborhood, and am called up every time there is a row or anything."

In answer to further questioning the man stated that he belonged in the Quartier Ste. Marguerite, and that by his profession he netted about forty francs a month, his pay being two francs a time. This information, if accurate, would indicate with precision the number of rows per month indulged in by the scoundrels of that quarter. In the intervals between rows, Ponton Jacques practiced on the sympathies of strangers as a beggar.

MR. STRONACH told of a story he once heard of Noble Butler, who was visiting at a house where he was given a Turkish pipe, called hookah, to smoke. When the smoke wreaths were curling thick about the room the professor suddenly propounded the theory, "Why is this pipe like a cow?" The answer he intended was, "Because it is a hooker." He was astonished to receive the prompt reply, "Because there is a calf sucking it."

Mrs. Tarbox related a witty retort of Robert Breckinridge, the doctor, to Poindexter, a lawyer. Breckinridge, speaking of his profession, said, mirthfully: "You know the fool of the family is always made a doctor."

Poindexter, bowing his head in the direction of the doctor, said pointedly: "Yes, I have never known an exception."

After the laugh had subsided Breckinridge, bowing in like manner to the lawyer, said, with a slight pointing gesture in his direction, "I have."—*Louisville Courier-Journal Correspondence.*

A TRUE man never frets about his place in the world, but just slips into it by the gravitation of his nature, and swings there as easily as a star.

THE SILENT WORLD.

Published Semi-Monthly at 711 G Street, N. W.

JOHN E. ELLEGOOD.....Publisher.

TERMS: Single subscription \$1.10 per year, in advance; six months 60 cents; three months 30 cents; single copies 8 cents. All postage will be prepaid by the publisher.

When subscriptions are not paid in advance, subscribers will be charged at the rate of \$1.50 per year. The paper will be sent until an explicit order for its discontinuance is received, and all arrearages paid.

All money should be sent by P. O. money-order, draft, or registered letter. If it is forwarded otherwise, it will be at the risk of the sender.

Address all letters to THE SILENT WORLD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

WASHINGTON, SEPTEMBER 15, 1876.

THE INSTITUTION NEWSPAPERS AND JOB PRINTING.

We observe that there are quite a number of newspapers published at the Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb. If their object is to improve the pupil at the trade in the style of language, it is commendable.

But in point of practical utility as printers, they should be taught all branches of printing. After leaving school they can command good positions in large business country towns, where there are the best places for deaf-mute printers. It seems to us that none of these Institutions is in the possession of a complete outfit of a printing office. Those papers are generally supported by the State appropriations, as a "branch of study." Pupils graduating from school are apt to follow their trades for a living which they have learned at the Institutions. Simple newspaper work does not make a printer. Simple type-setters are a cheap, convenient set to employing book and job printers who have plenty of "copy," and when out of copy, they are swept away until copy comes. Good newspaper printing offices are the only places for a permanent situations at type setting. They keep a regular set of printers, and printers seeking for work at type-setting finds it hard to fall in such desirable places. The State Legislatures seem to think it would cost too much money to appropriate for a complete outfit of printing offices for the benefit of the Institutions, and so are content with limited annual appropriations for simple newspaper printing offices, which amount to many thousands of dollars in several years or as long as those papers fail to sustain themselves. The moneys so appropriated is a waste. We do say that, for it hurts the pupil's prospects of making a living, when they leave school, without possessing a practical knowledge of all branches of printing. The Institutions can afford to print different jobs at lower rates than private printing offices, and may receive steady patronage by annual contracts from business men who may gladly avail themselves of those low rates.

We do not recommend printing trade to be a good one for every deaf-mute. We have known some deaf-mutes printers, who are well-versed in job-work, both plain and fancy, to have been disappointed in obtaining a situation as a job printer, for their inability of hearing. To suit employers' taste and fancy, it requires directions and explanations for the execution of a job in any style they may suggest to journeymen.

In another case foremen of large daily (morning) newspapers offices are alike prejudiced against deaf-mute compositors. "Subbing" is a valuable aid to those who are in want of steady work. The "regulars" work four and five nights and take rest one or two nights each week, and "subs" work in their place for the time being to save the situation for the "regulars." When deaf-

mutes offer themselves in such offices as "subs," the foremen warn the "regulars," in a whisper, not to employ them under the penalty of discharge, lest they may bother the foremen during the night's work. That has been our own experience. Deaf-mute printers can do better in the West and Southwest than in the East.

NEWSPAPERS AT THE CENTENNIAL.

The Special Correspondent of the London *Times* says it would be difficult to find an apter illustration of the big way in which the Americans do things than that furnished by the "Centennial Newspaper Building," in the Exhibition grounds. Here you may see any one, or, if you like, all of the 8,129 newspapers published regularly in the United States, and see them, one and all, for nothing! You are not only permitted as a favor to see them, but invited, nay, pressed, to confer the favor of entering the building and calling for what paper you like. It is about as cool and agreeable a place—quite apart from its literary attractions—as a visitor to the Exhibition could wish to be offered a chair in. He may at first wonder how, among 8,000 papers, among them such mighty sheets as the New York *Herald*, he is to get at the small, loved print of his home, thousands of miles away, it may be, over the Rocky Mountains. But the management is so simple that, by consulting the catalogue, or even without the aid of the catalogue, any one can at once find whatever paper he wants. They are pigeon-holed on shelves in the alphabetical order of their States or Territories and their towns, the names of which are clearly labelled on the shelves. The proprietors of the Centennial Newspaper Building are advertising agents, the largest in all America—Messrs. G. P. Rowell & Co., of New York. Their enterprise will cost altogether about \$20,000, or £4,000, including the building and the expenses of "running" it for six months. The 8,000 and odd American newspapers are declared, by the same authority, to exceed "the combined issues of all the other nations on the earth."

PERSONAL.

We would remind our readers that we are wholly dependent upon their good nature and courtesy for the matter contained in the Personal Department. It does not take long to write and send a short item for this department, yet the shortest item about an old school-mate or friend may be of more value than all the rest of the paper to any one of our readers. We ask, therefore, that each and every one of our readers will consider himself or herself one of the editors of the Personal Column, and send any thing, no matter how little, which may be of interest.

MR HARPER, of Shippensburg, Penn., is visiting Chicago, Ill. He makes a favorable impression on all deaf-mutes there.

MISS BARNARD and Mrs. PHELPS have adjourned their proposed visit to the Centennial City from the 1st to the 18th instant.

J. WILLIS PARKER, a teacher in the Michigan Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, has been appointed Principal, *pro-tem.*, vice E. L. Bangs, resigned.

MR. N. DENTON, Geneva, New York, is on a grand Centennial tour. He is in this city on a visit, and expects to leave for the Great West this week.

MR. JACQUES LOEW, a distinguished visitor from Vienna, Austria, mentioned in THE SILENT WORLD of July 15, spends several months in Philadelphia.

MR. CHAS. K. W. STRONG and his family, of this city, went to Philadelphia, on Monday last, to see the Centennial sights. They stop at Mrs. Van Court's, a fine old deaf-mute lady, and are well pleased with her accommodations. Mrs. Strong and her children come back home to-morrow while her husband leaves for New York City to spend one week.

MISS ANGIE A. FULLER whose right eye has been under surgical and medical treatment for some time is doing nicely. We hope she will recover her eyesight fully.

MR. JOSEPH G. PARKINSON, principal examiner of patents at the Patent Office, and President GALLAUDET, of the Deaf-Mute College, have got a child each, the difference of time being a week. Their rejoicings over them are ours.

MR. T. JEFFERSON TRIST, of Philadelphia, has recently visited his mother who has been dangerously ill, in Alexandria, Va. We are gratified to learn that she is better under the medical skill of his brother, a highly reputed doctor.

MR. W. G. JONES, a graduate of the Deaf-Mute College, is appointed teacher at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. May he prove himself as proficient in this capacity as in monkey antics and comical pantomime.

MR. JOHN P. IJAMS, a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, has been for years clerk for the Fire Insurance Company, at Wilkesbarre, Penn., and is still retained at his old post under a change of the firm in consequence of his wife's father's resignation as secretary because of his old age and health. In this way Mr. Ijams has proved himself an efficient clerk.

MR. JOHN W. COMPTON, a venerable clerk in the Post Office, is on leave of absence next Wednesday, and goes to Philadelphia City to meet his excellent wife, and fine daughter and chitty-chatty boy. He expects to stop at the Exhibition for a few days and then go to New York City to stay for one week, while Mrs. Compton and the family will stay until they are satisfied with the grand sights.

MESSRS. TILLINGHAST, DUDLEY and ANDREWS, of North Carolina, on a visit to the Centennial Exhibition, were at the Literary Association on Thursday of the 7th inst., which meets in the rear of St. Stephen's Church, Tenth street, between Market and Chestnut streets, every Thursday evening. Messrs. Tillinghast and Dudley are teachers for the Deaf and Dumb at Raleigh, North Carolina; the former was a graduate of the High Class at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and subsequently teacher there for several years.

MR. JAMES N. GILLMORE, of Cleveland, Ohio, a graduate of the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, dropped in our office unexpectedly, but to our pleasure, on the 13th inst. The gentleman has been to Philadelphia with his wife for two weeks, and well pleased with the society of "so many intelligent deaf-mutes" there so that they are decided to reside there as soon as they can dispose of the house and property they own in Cleveland at a good price. His wife is a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution. They have been married eleven years, and have got a boy and girl. They live in good circumstances.

WE spoke of the marriage of Mr. ROBERT P. MCGREGOR and Miss HESTER M. PORTER in our issue of the 15th ultimo, without learning the particulars of the ceremony which have afterwards come to our knowledge too late for insertion in the issue of the 1st instant. The wedding took place at the bride's brother's (William H.) house in Cumberland City, at half-past one o'clock P. M. on the 16th ultimo. Rev. E. B. Raffensperger, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of that city, performed the marriage ceremony. They received many congratulations from the assemblage. The next day (17th) they left Cumberland City and arrived in Cincinnati, Ohio, on Friday morning, (18th.) They reside in Newport, Kentucky, opposite Cincinnati, and have a fine front room, commanding a fine view of the river. They have received many calls and congratulations from the groom's friends and old acquaintances. May happiness and prosperity ever attend them.

THE LATEST WONDER OF TELEGRAPHY.

THE readers of the *Traveller* have been made acquainted with the wonderful invention of Professor Bell, by which musical and vocal sounds can be and have been sent over the electric wires, but few, if any, are aware of the wonderful results which are sure to follow these improvements in telegraphy. A few nights ago Professor Bell was in communication with a telegraphic operator in New York, and commenced experimenting with one of his inventions pertaining to the transmission of musical sounds. He made use of his phonetic organ, and played the tune of "America," and asked the operator in New York what he heard.

"I hear the tune of 'America,'" replied New York. "Give us another."

Prof. Bell then played the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

"What do you hear now?"

"I hear the tune of 'Auld Lang Syne,' with full chords distinctly," replied New York.

Thus, the astounding discovery has been made that a man can play upon musical instruments in New York, New Orleans, or London, or Paris, and be heard distinctly in Boston! If this can be done, why cannot distinguished performers execute the most artistic and beautiful music in Paris, and an audience assemble in Music Hall, Boston, to listen?

Professor Bell's other improvements, namely, the transmission of the human voice, has become so far perfected that persons have conversed over 1,000 miles of wire with perfect ease, although as yet the vocal sounds are not loud enough to be heard by more than one or two persons. But if the human voice can now be sent over the wire, and so distinctly that when two or three known parties are telegraphing, the voices of each can be recognized, we may soon have distinguished men delivering speeches in Washington, New York, or London, and audiences assemble in Music Hall or Faneuil Hall—or in any public hall in the country—to listen.—*Boston Traveller.*

LOUIS NAPOLEON AS A TENANT.

WHILE referring to Charles Phillips' propensity to hero-worship, I mentioned his devotion to the Bonaparte family, of which I remember a curious illustration, combined, however, with a prudential regard to his own interest which was amusingly characteristic of the man. Very early in our acquaintance he asked me if I would like to see Prince Napoleon's house. Replying in the affirmative, the commissioner tucked me under his arm and led the way to King street, St. James'. While I was wondering how he had the entree, he informed me he was owner of the house in question. "Well," I said, "I hope your tenant pays his rent; they do say he is sometimes hard up." "He pays me £300 a year, and is the very best tenant I ever had; the rent comes punctually to the day. But then," sinking his voice to a whisper, "I would not let him into the house until I had a guarantee from Lafitte, the Paris banker, for the rent." The door was opened by a maid-servant with a dirty face and arms to match. "Is the prince at home?" "No, sir; he left by the mail-train last night for Paris." Commissioner's countenance fell as we proceeded to view the interior of the mansion thus abandoned. We found it much in the same state as it had been left by the august tenant. The bed had not been made, nor had the marble bath which the future Emperor used on the morning of his departure been emptied of its contents. In the room which he used as a study a book lay open on the desk, with its margin copiously annotated, it was a treatise in French on the use of artillery; a note-book and a pencil lay beside it. The room was

in confusion, and I observed several large deal packing-cases scattered about on the floor addressed "a M. le Presidente de la Republique Francaise." This was several days before the election took place which gave Louis Napoleon his grip on France, and is an apt illustration of that reputed faith in his destiny with which the Emperor has been credited. Many years had passed over, and the doubtful tenant of the house in King street had become the Emperor of France. Phillip and I were seated in Folthrop's library at Brighton, looking over the morning papers, when he pulled out a packet. "Look at this," he said. The object submitted to my inspection was a handsome gold snuff-box, with the letter N. in brilliants on the lid. "And this," he added, handing me an autograph letter from the Emperor, begging his acceptance of the box as a proof of his gratitude for a pamphlet written by the commissioner. The production was published by Mr. Bentley, and is worth looking at on account of the extravagance of the eulogy it contains. It is entitled, "Napoleon the Third, by a man of the World." "I hope," I said, slyly, "Phillips, the Emperor had forgotten all about that unlucky guarantee." "What do you mean, sir—what guarantee?" "Why, of course, the guarantee you required from Lafitte before you accepted Louis Napoleon as a tenant." "Who told you that, may I ask?" "Yourself, to be sure; who else?" "I never did anything of the sort; it's an invention—a malicious invention." Then reflecting after a moment's pause: "I tell you what it is, B—— you have a d—d inconvenient memory." And he was silent for many minutes afterwards.—*Belgravia*.

HIS ADVICE.

A WEARY-LOOKING man went into a barber shop the other day, and, after telling the tonsorial artist that he wished to have his hair cut, he struck an attitude and said:

"I killed a man once for stepping on my toes; I'm a peaceful old seed, but I don't like to be fooled with."

The barber thought he was an escaped lunatic, and was about to make some remarks, when the old man jumped into the chair and screamed:

"Sail in and cut her off; but let me post you before hand; cut her off even, but if you let any hair go down my neck, you just want to hump yourself lively, or you'll think an elephant's dancing a jig on you."

The barber didn't reply but he cut that man's hair with the door wide open.

THE TRAVELER ROPES OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

THE joining of the two ends of the first traveler rope, whereby the material for constructing the East River Bridge is to be transported over the river, was recently accomplished. The endless chain is now complete, passing over grooved pulleys on the towers. It is operated by the engine formerly used to elevate stone during the process of erection of the piers. At the time we write, the first section of the second traveling rope is about to be carried over the river. This is made fast to the rope now in position and run over by it. It is lashed to the first rope at regular distances of 50 or 60 feet, as it leaves the Brooklyn anchor pier; and when it is across, these fastenings will have to be cut. This is done by a man sent over in a "buggy," which is a small platform hung upon the traveler rope by deeply grooved wheels. It is surrounded by a railing, inside of which the workman will stand, cutting the lashings as he rides across. The ride down to the center of the traveler rope will be controlled with a hempen rope, and the "buggy" will be hauled up the opposite incline with another. There will be noth-

ing perilous in the process if the workmen can keep from dizziness; nor more danger than in a great many other stages of the work.

In order to inspire confidence in the men who are to perform the undertaking, Mr. E. Farrington, master mechanic of the bridge, recently crossed from the Brooklyn anchorage to the New York pier, seated on a boatswain's chair, or swing, attached to the moving rope. The trip was rapidly and safely accomplished in the presence of a large and enthusiastic crowd. Mr. Farrington, now the first man who has crossed the bridge, was also the first who traversed the spans at Cincinnati and Niagara.

WASHINGTON left an estate valued at over \$800,000; John Adams died moderately well off, leaving about \$75,000; Jefferson died so poor that if Congress had not purchased his library at \$20,000, he would have been a pauper; Madison was frugal, and left about \$150,000; Monroe died so poor that he was buried at the expense of his relatives; John Quincy Adams left about \$55,000; Jackson died worth about \$80,000; Van Buren left \$400,000. It is said he did not draw his salary while in office, but at the expiration of his service drew the whole \$100,000; Polk left an estate valued \$150,000; Taylor had saved something from his pay while in the army, and died worth \$150,000; Tyler married a lady of wealth; Fillmore was always frugal, and added to his savings by marrying a lady of wealth, and was worth \$200,000; Pierce's estate was valued at \$50,000; Buchanan left \$200,000; Lincoln about \$75,000, and Johnson \$50,000.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

WOMAN'S ADVANTAGE.

ALLUDING to the customs of Siam, a writer says that when a girl falls in love she goes to the man's house and will not leave it, and if he declines to marry her, the old woman of the neighborhood turns out and pelt him with inferior eggs until he changes his mind. As long as this custom prevails, we shouldn't think the girls of Siam would care much if the almanac-makers were to leave out leap year altogether.

A BEAUTIFUL custom prevails in the Ban de la Roche, the parish in which the devoted Oberlin spent fifty-nine years of self-denying labor. At the point in the Sunday service when the Lord's Prayer is repeated by the congregation, the church bells are rung in order to notify the sick and others who are absent, and so enable them to share in this part of the worship.

THE Evangelical Union in Scotland is composed of eighty-three churches that do not admit liquor dealers to membership.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

IOWA.

OUR State legislature which met last winter, appropriated \$50,000 for building the west wing and a boiler-house. But owing to some inaccuracy in the wording of the bill, the Trustees were afraid to avail themselves of the appropriations at once and so delayed letting out the contracts. The contract for building the boiler-house was let out about one month ago, and the wing contract not until one week ago. In consequence of the delay in the construction of the new heating works in the Institution, school has been postponed from the twentieth of this month till the tenth of October next. All the officers except three have been to the Centennial. Your correspondent visited the Niagara Falls on his way there. Mr. Mann, the deaf-mute missionary, paid us a short visit about a fortnight ago. Billions of grasshoppers have been sojourning in this place for over a week, but are leaving us. So far they have done little damage to the corn crops, though they have devoured all our turnips and a considerable part of our cabbage.

Council Bluffs, September 5, 1876.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

MR. MOTLEY has arrived again at the Hague. He is, with his two daughters, the guest of the Queen of Holland, at her country seat, "het Huis ten Bosch," where they will stay some weeks.

Hon. R. B. Hubbard, who succeeds Governor Coke, of Texas, is 6 feet 4 inches in height, weighs 380 pounds, is a fine scholar, a good orator, and can make himself heard by an audience of thirty thousand people.

Queen Victoria's Government has decided to send aid to the sick and wounded in the war raging in the East. Sixteen large packages, containing hospital tents, &c., have already been despatched from Woolrich Arsenal.

Bessie Turner is not in easy financial circumstances, according to the Boston Journal, which also says that she received \$1,000 on the book written in her name, but has expended the money while seeking congenial employment.

Mary Montague, of Granby, Mass., aged seventy years, has for a third of her life been diligently searching out her genealogy. She now says, triumphantly, that she has established a twenty-fifth cousinship with the British royal family.

A Connecticut woman claims to be the most economical house-keeper living. She has been at it forty years, and has just commenced on her second paper of pins. She has also used one needle almost daily for the past twenty-two years.

The opera house which is to be built in San Francisco, and leased to the Strakosch Brothers, is to have one hundred boxes, half of them owned by stockholders. The building is to be plain in exterior, but very elaborate and beautifully internally.

A farmer-like man and a common horse have come to Canada to make money at the county fairs. The horse is called little Ethan, and can trot a mile in about 2:30; but that fact is kept secret by the man, who is thus enabled to enter the beast in races intended for slower ones.

A curious incident occurred the other day at the Thames regatta. Two men fell off a steamer's paddle box; one perished, the other was rescued. He had on him five shirts, four waistcoats, and five pairs of pants, explaining that he wore his wardrobe on his back, because he had no other safe place to put it.

At the Hartford races a young negro won considerable applause by imitating the different movements of a horse in trotting, running, pacing, &c., the negro getting down on his hands and feet to do it. A white man who tried to do it failed, and was ignominiously retired amid shouts of "Take him to the barn," "Rule him off," &c.

An officer in the French army has recently died who had met with Abd-el-Kader on the battle-field without attacking him, which he might easily have done. Being blamed for this afterward, his reply was, "At that time I was but second lieutenant. Had I killed him the war would have been over, and I would not have been captain now."

Field Marshall Wrangel, who celebrated on August 15, at Warmbrunn, in Silesia, the seventieth anniversary of his entry into the Prussian military service, received from the Emperor William a cavalry sword, richly adorned with brilliants. There was no other distinction available, as the Field Marshal was long ago decorated with the highest orders in the gift of the Prussian crown.

Israel Washburn, who died at Livermore, Me., on Friday, aged nearly 83, was the father of a famous family. Israel, the oldest, is ex-Governor of Maine; Elihu, the second, is Minister at Paris; C. C., the third, served ten years in Congress, and is ex-Governor of Wisconsin; a fourth has, for a long time, been Minister at Paraguay; another is prominent in Minnesota politics, while two others are less known citizens of Maine.

The Governors of the Chinese provinces on the coast have received renewed instructions to pay special attention to the suppression of piracy in Chinese waters. The frequent complaints formerly made with regard to the depredations of pirates have lately nearly ceased. The new orders given by the Chinese Government to the authorities would, however, contribute toward preventing any abatement of their zeal on the subject.

During the recent stay at Ischel, the Emperor of Austria saved the child of a poor woman from a violent death. As he was passing through the Kettenbach gorges a boy of four years fell over a precipice, and, his clothes having caught on a projecting branch, he was suspended over a torrent some fifty feet below. The Emperor, whose proficiency in all athletic sports is well known, jumped over the precipice, freed the boy from his perilous position, and took him back to his mother.

Military manoeuvres do not fatigue Emperor William, who, after reviewing his Guards and the different army corps of Prussia at a dozen different places in the course of this month, will proceed to Wurtemberg, and to Alsace-Lorraine for a like purpose.

A Baptist farmer who was short of money wanted to give some thing to the missionary cause. So he set apart the proceeds of one hive of bees. The busy bees improved the shining hours and their owner's first remittance is a ten dollar greenback. This was better than grumbling because he had no money.

The *Gazzeta della Capitale* of Rome, referring to the moral support given by the Pope to the Ottoman cause in the present war, observes that his policy in this matter is entirely opposed to that of most of his predecessors. In the fourteenth century, when the Ottoman power was strongest, John XXII. joined the Christian league, and Eugenius IV. sent an army to protect Hungary against the attacks of the Turks. Mahomet II. after defeating the second Constantine, offered his allegiance to Pope Nicolas V.; but the latter replied by forming a league between Rome, Venice, Florence, Alfonso, of Arragon, and Duke Francis Sforza, of Milan, in January, 1455; and in March of the same year, when he was on his death-bed, he directed the cardinals to be informed that he had promised his support in money, troops, and ships to the envoys of the Greek Emperor, who had come to Rome, and that it was his last wish that this promise should be fulfilled. His successor, Calixtus III., prayed to God on his knees that the war might be allowed to take its course, and the Papal troops on the Sea of Mamora be given the victory over Mahomet's army. Calixtus died of grief when he learned that the Christians were being beaten; and only the worst of all the Popes, Alexandria Borgia, assisted the Turks against the Christians, accepting presents from Sultan Bajazet, and encouraging him to send expeditions to the coast of the Mediterranean and the banks of the Danube.

Some autographs of Blücher, says the *Paris Eevent*, have just been found. The first runs thus: "Wavres, June 17, 1815. Napoleon attacked me yesterday, little after 3 P. M., with 120,000. The battle lasted until night. Both armies lost a great many men. To-day I shall approach Lord Wellington, and it is probable there will be another battle." The next letter is dated from Gosselies on the 20th of June, and Blücher says: "In concert with my friend Wellington I gave Napoleon the last blow, took his cloak, his carriage, his hat, his sword, his telescope," &c. On the 27th, Blücher wrote from Cambrigne: "It is possible more than probable, that Napoleon will surrender to me and to Lord Wellington. I could not do better than to shoot him. This would be rendering great service to humanity." On the 23rd of October the Marshal writes: "I leave France as a poor job, for I made it a rule to take nothing, and the money which I had economized I spent in Paris. The King gives me sufficient. I am irritated to the highest degree at my position here, and I shall not return to Paris. I don't like the people. The legend with regard to Blücher is that during the occupation of Paris he played heavily at the gaming tables in the Palais Royal, and that when he was in want of money to continue his gambling he used to go to the Bank of France and take something to go on with. His letter of the 23rd of October throws a far different light on his character; he only played with his saving, and he left France with an unblemished character. When he alluded to his position being difficult, he probably referred to the fact of the Duke of Wellington refusing to allow the Prussian blow up the Bridge of Jena. During the last occupation the Prussians took no notice of bridge, and, in fact, damaged none of the trophies."

LAWS RELATING TO NEWSPAPERS.

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2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills, and ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The Courts have decided that "refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud."

6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

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